See You At The Tree.

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/29139273.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Father, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Pre-transition Will graham, AFAB, Trans Will Graham, Young Will Graham, Young Hannibal Lecter, Reunited and It Feels So Good, Childhood Friends, reunited, Angst, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Trans Character, will and Hannibal are childhood friends but Hannibals rich boy life separates them, Fluff and Angst, Poor Will Graham, Will Graham Needs a Hug
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-01 Completed: 2021-02-02 Words: 9,064 Chapters: 3/3

See You At The Tree.

by Sweaty_dogman

Summary

When Lillian meets Hannibal, she is convinced they will be friends forever. They spend almost every day together; fishing, reading and getting up to no-good...until Hannibal has to leave.

When he returns, the young girl is no where to be seen, having moved away with her father due to money issues and sour memories of his late wife.

Years later, Will Graham spots a familiar face at work. His heart stop and breaks when he realises...Hannibal doesn’t recognise him at all.

Chapter 1

Lillian adjusted her dungarees, fixing the lopsided straps the best she could before pulling on her red wellingtons, running to meet her father. Another fishing day. Saturdays were always her and her fathers fishing days, even when it was raining. She didn't mind it much. Usually, he would let her run off and try and find some worms for bate, happy to relieve her from her position of just watching.

Today wasn't any different. After a while, Lillian let out a little whine, looking over to her father with large eyes. "Can I go now, pa? The ground is real muddy over there...lots of worms."

"Okay, okay. Don't be goin' too far." He chuckled, casting his line out again.

The small girl jumped to her feet, running as fast as her feet would carry her. Eventually, she came to a halt, almost crashing into a slightly older boy sat on the floor. Lillian tumbled, falling with an audible huff. She blinked, fighting off the waves on embarrassment crashing over her, threatening to drown her small body.

"Are you alright?" The boy spoke, his accent was one Lillian hadn't heard before. He was sat on the ground, holding a battered book in one hand, looking over to the strange girl curiously.

"Yessum," she hummed, big blue eyes trained on the boy. "Your voice is funny...where you from?" Lillian's own voice carried her signature Louisianan drawl.

He chuckled, folding his book together, placing it carefully at his side. The stranger wore grey shorts, long songs and a white dress shirt, all of them covered in spots of dirt. "I'm from Lithuania...I am here with my aunt."

"That's cool," she wiped her small hand on her overalls, holding it out for the older boy. "I'm Lillian....call me Lily. I'm nine and my Pa is fishin' over there,"

Hastily, he took the girls hand and shook it, dropping it after a few seconds. *Pretty name,* he thought. "I am Hannibal. I'm thirteen years and eleven months old. So almost fourteen!" He hummed, proud of himself for being so old.

"Funny name. Haaaannibal." She laughed, nose scrunching up. Lillian pushed the thick, brown curls from her rosy face, standing up again. "Wanna help me get some worms for my Pa? It's much funner than books."

Hannibal smiled at this, an unfamiliar feeling washing over him as he stood back up, throwing his bag over his shoulder. A friend? "Okay! I haven't ever...Hunted worms before, it does sound fun."

The younger girl grabbed ahold of Hannibal's hand and dragged him to a spot, kneeling down in the dirt, shoving her hands into the soft mud. She produced a few worms, placing them on the grass so they couldn't burrow and hide again.

"Where do you put them?" Hannibal questioned, pulling worms from the mud.

"In ya' pockets, where else?"

"Oh...okay." His shorts were already a mess, some worms wouldn't hurt. Right?

"I think we got enough now, let's go back to Pa." she got to her feet, shoving her collection of worms into her pockets, humming happily as they walked together. Lillian was ecstatic. It wasn't often she was able to make friends.

Franklin, Lillian's father, stood up from his post when he saw his daughter returning with someone. His thick brows furrowed. Where had she collected this lanky boy? "Lily, what's all this?" He asked once she was close enough, eyes set on the boy.

"My new friend, Hannibal."

"Friend? Alrighty then...you collect me my worms?" He held out his large hand, smiling when both children produced a large amount of squirming bugs. "Perfect. Now, wash your hands in the water and eat." Franklin was a hard, rigid man, having become more so after the death of his wife. He offered a wonky smile to the boy that had joined his daughter, shooing them off to wash their hands.

After their hands were clean, the curly-haired girl sat on the grass, opening up her little bag. "Want half my sandwich? It's peanut butter...no jelly though. Pa says its too 'spensive."

Hannibal was hungry, yet his teachings to not take food from women made him shake his head politely. He would just sit. He wouldn't watch her eat, though, that was rude.

"Silly," she chirped, ripping her sandwich in half, handing the bigger piece to the older boy.

He blushed a little, taking small bites to savour the food. Hannibal ate well at home, never going hungry. He had a feeling that was a little different for the brunette next to him. Hannibal could tell that they were poor, Lillian's clothes were enough to drive him to that conclusion, as well as the jelly story. "Do you like finishing?"

"Yessum! I come every weekend with my Pa. 's fun."

"Doesn't your mother get lonely? Why doesn't she come?"

"Because she's in heaven, she can't come fishin' cuz she's busy helpin' God do something...that's what my Pa says." Her mother had passed when she was seven, Franklin never told her how. She missed her mother something awful almost every day. She never let it show, especially not to her father.

Hannibal swallowed, suddenly feeling bad for asking such a question. "I'm sorry, Lily. My parents are dead too, so is my sister. It's why I am staying with my aunt until summer is over."

"Then where you goin'?"

"To boarding school in France, until I am a grown-up."

Lillian frowned, bottom lip pouting outward.

"We can be friends until I go. I haven't got any other friends, just you." He added quickly, noticing her worrying bottom lip.

"Yay!" She beamed, throwing her arms around the older boy.

"I don't wanna wear a dress, Pa. Hannibal said it didn't matter!" She huffed, squirming when her father tried to pull the dress over her head. The fabric made her itch, making it hard to breathe.

"I just want you to look nice when you go to dinner, okay?" He sighed, biting back his anger, but it was still present in his voice.

Lillian stilled, allowing the claustrophobic fabric to be tugged over her head. The dress was all wrong. Too many frills and ribbon bows, it wasn't Lillian at all. She knew Hannibal wouldn't care what she wore. They were best friends.

"Hello," she greeted the boy sulkily, walking into the home. It was huge, much bigger than anything she had ever lived in before, decorated with things Lillian didn't even know existed.

"What's the matter, Lily?" He asked softly, leading the girl to the library, hoping she would be happy to play there.

"My Pa," she huffed, looking down at the scuffed shoes on her feet. "Made me wear this stupid dress! I hate it so much!"

"Oh, I know!" He grabbed her hand, racing up the spiral staircase to his bedroom. "I have stuff, just wear that. My aunt won't care, she doesn't wear dresses either." Hannibal opened up his closet and pulled out an old pair of shorts and a jumper far too small for him, handing it to the girl.

Lillian blushed softly, a long curl falling into her face as she took the clothes and headed to the en-suit to change. The clothes fit her almost perfectly, the jumper sleeves covering her small hands. Instantly, she felt much better, able to relax in her skin.

Hannibal felt another wave of feelings wash over him when he saw the younger girl come back out. It made him happy to see how much more comfortable she looked, matching the bright smile on her face. He wanted nothing more than to protect the girl like he had failed to do with his sister.

By the end of dinner, Lillian was fuller than she had ever been in her life. Half of the food she had never seen before, it was all so tasty and expensive looking. Occasionally, whilst eating, she would throw worried looks between Hannibal and his Aunt, anxious they might comment on her eating habits. They never did. Instead, they talked casually with the young girl, even teaching her some Lithuanian over dessert. By the time Lilian was due to go home, both children were practically begging for a sleepover. After a few phone calls, they were granted permission as long as Lillian was up early enough for church the next morning.

"Goodnight," Hannibal whispered from his position on the floor, having given the smaller girl his bed for the night. He didn't mind. He could sleep virtually anywhere.

"Night, Hanni." She hummed back, burying her face into the silk pillows under her. Hannibal's bed was huge, much bigger than Lillian's, much comfier too. She was warm and full of food, a nice change to the usual way she fell asleep.

Lillian plunged into cold darkness, water rising all around her trembling body as she called out helplessly for someone to save her. She held herself and sunk to her knees, sobbing brokenly. It was the same dream over and over, always the same darkroom. The same figure stood on the edge of the darkness, surrounded by a soft glowing light, watching her blankly. The man never moved, never came closer or offered a hand to help. He let her drown.

She woke with a muffled scream, sitting up as quickly as she could, fighting for air. With shaky hands, she wiped away the tears streaming down her cheeks, pulling her keens to her chest.

Hannibal sat up too, awoken by the soft scream. It reminded him so much of Mischa's. It made his whole body shake. "Mi-Lily?" He mumbled, getting to his feet, making his way to the bed. Hannibal crawled in, wrapping his arms around the sobbing girl, holding her as tight as he possibly could.

"Bad d-dream," she sniffled, wrapping herself around the boy. It soothed her right away, sobs becoming quiet sniffles after a few moments.

"What about?"

"A man. They're always 'bout a man." She sighed, "He always watches."

"Watches...watches what?"

"Watches me drown. He always lets me die, never helps me swim."

"I'm sorry," he shook his head. Hannibal gently lay the girl back down, shifting to move, but was stopped by a small hand on his wrist.

"Please," Lillian whispered meekly, "Don't leave. Stay until I'm asleep again. I'm scared."

Hannibal sighed softly, getting back into his bed with the girl. He wrapped his arms around her, stroking the curls on top of her head. Softly, he started to sing a lullaby to her in Lithuanian, one he sang many times to his sister. It worked. Lillian was fast asleep in minutes, quickly followed by Hannibal. They slept peacefully, buried under the thick blankets of the young boy's bed.

For the past few days, Lillian hadn't seen much of Hannibal. Often waiting by their meeting tree for hours, only to be disappointed and sad when Hannibal never showed up. Had she done something wrong? Did she freak him out with her bad dreams the week before? Lillian sunk to the floor in front of the small fireplace, leaning back to rest against her father's chair.

"What's the matter, sugar?" He asked softly, pouring himself a second finger of whiskey.

"I ain't seen Hannibal in days, Pa." she scowled, trying her hardest not to get upset about the ordeal.

"He might be busy. The boy has a life of his own." He reminded, stroking the crown of her curls slowly.

"I know...but he always meets me at the tree, even if he's busy that day. Maybe he just don't like me no more."

"Don't say that sugar, you are a lovely friend. Maybe he got in trouble with his aunt or isn't very well. How about I drive you over there in the mornin', go see if he's okay?"

"Okay, Pa." she stood and hugged the man, yawning into his neck. Lillian took herself to bed, leaving Franklin to drink away his sadness.

In the morning, Lillian got dressed hurriedly, pulling her long hair into pigtails. She needed a haircut, bad. Before leaving, she decided to put on her lucky necklace, one her mother had given to her before passing away; it was silver and had a paw-print charm on it. She hoped it would bring her luck, that Hannibal would still want to be her friend.

The same feeling that she often had when waking from a nightmare flooded her, knotting her stomach painfully tight. Fear started to sink in as Franklin's pick-up trucked neared Hannibal's family home.

Hannibal opened the door with a miserable look on his face, welcoming the young girl inside with a little sigh. He hadn't wanted it to happen this way, but his aunt wouldn't let him do as he pleased this time around.

"Are you okay? You haven't been to our tree in days, Hanni."

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, looking down at the floor.

Lillian grabbed his face, taking them in her smaller hands, so they were looking at one another. "What ya' sorry for? I just wanna know where you've been."

"I.." he sniffled, eyes welling with hot tears. "I have to go to boarding school now. I leave in a few hours," he signalled towards the collection of suitcases and small boxes. Hannibal was crying now, tears slipping down the apples of his cheeks. He let out a little sob when he saw Lillian was crying too.

"But...summer ain't over for another two weeks?! Why have you gotta go now?" She pouted. Quickly, the young girl became overwhelmed, unable to stop the tears from flooding down her cheeks. She felt as though the world around her had crumbled, transporting her back into the darkroom once again. Hannibal couldn't leave, they still had to go camping and fishing with Fraklin that weekend. She was going to show Hannibal how to cast a line and gut a trout.

"My aunt said I have to go now because she wishes to return to Lithuania." Hannibal wiped at his cheeks, blinking. "I asked her if I could stay here alone, but she said no. I'm so sorry,

Lily. I don't want to leave." He looked over to the staircase, frowning when he saw his aunt. She was giving him a stern look, silently telling him to make Lillian leave. "I'm sorry, I have to get my things to the car. I'll really miss you. When I come back next summer, I'll be waiting at the tree for you. I promise." He made a crossing motion over his chest, which Lillian mirrored.

The young girl nodded. She sighed quietly, going to turn around before stopping. The necklace! She turned back to Hannibal and quickly removed the dainty silver from around her neck, "open your hand." She whispered, placing the necklace into his palm. "When you get sad, this will make it all go away. My Ma gave it to me. It will keep you safe." She watched as Hannibal put it on, smiling a little. Lillian slung her arms around him, hugging him tightly before pulling away. "I'll see you at the tree, worm boy."

"Yeah. At the tree, worm girl." He offered a sad smile, biting back tears as he watched her walk away. Hannibal would miss the ridiculous nickname, no one in France would dare collect worms with him. Hannibal helped his aunt carry the suitcases to the car, crying the whole time. The young boy didn't stop crying until he arrived in France, body jet-lagged and eyes sore.

Summer rolled around and, Hannibal couldn't be more excited to return back to America. He couldn't wait to see his best friend. Hannibal had worn the necklace the whole year, scowling at the other boys when they called it 'girly'. It was his. He was proud to wear it, touching the paw whenever he got upset.

Their home in America was just as empty as when he had left, only him and his aunt to fill its space. As soon as he was allowed, Hannibal ran to their tree and waited. He read a book. He ate a peanut butter sandwich. He even had a nap under the tree, touched up the carving of his and Lillian's initials.

She never came. Not on that day or the next. The whole summer Hannibal waited under their tree. Never once did Lillian's loud laughter flood his ears again.

Hannibal returned to France inconsolable.

Chapter 2.

Chapter Summary

Will, after giving is father ‘what for’, leaves home to begin the lengthy process of transitioning. He is happy to be alone, living in Wolftrap...alone.

The young professors heart is shattered when someone from his past comes back, reminding him that not all good things last.

Chapter Notes

CW; violence/abuse in the first quarter.

In the passing years, Lillian soon became Will. Will Graham. It took a lot of figuring out, but he finally discovered who he was. All those questions he had as a child, all those restless nights and tearful mornings made sense. Will had never understood why he felt so disconnected from himself all that time, but when he reached puberty, he realised what was wrong.

It took himself until he was around fifteen to understand and wrap his head around it, but Franklin was a whole different story. He could still remember the incident like it was yesterday.

Will had waited until his father was a little more than tipsy before emerging from his room, hair short. He had spent almost all evening cutting his hair, getting his curls just how he wanted them, sobbing softly to himself as he snipped away at his long curls. It was his sixteenth birthday. He deserved a haircut.
Will sat in the armchair opposite his father, sighing softly.

"Dad?" Will mumbled

"What, Lily?" He grumbled, pouring another glass of whisky. Not a finger. A glass.

"Dad, It's Will now, not Lilian." Will bit his bottom lip, "and...I'm a man. I want to be a man, and I like men." It felt good to say. So good to say, like a crushing weight lifted from his shoulders. He could feel tears brimming his eyes, but he didn't allow them to fall down.

"What the fuck was that?" Franklin laughed, harsh and bitter. It cut through Will, bringing him back to the harsh reality that was the present. "And what the fuck have you done to your

hair, girl? You look like a prisoner!"

"I'm not a girl!" Will yelled, getting to his feet. "Shit! I thought at least you would understand. It's the least you could do, you know, considering you are my fucking dad?"

"Watch your mouth! If you wanna be a fella so bad I won't hold back on hittin' you, Will." The name sounded like venom, seeping into the fresh wounds his father had sliced into his skin.

He clenched his jaw, nostrils flaring as he absorbed the words Franklin had spat at him, balling his fists. "Do it! I fucking dare you, Franklin. Hit me! See what happens!"

And then it happened. Franklin stood, grabbed Will by his flannel shirt and punched him, nose gushing blood. Will stumbled backwards, holding his bleeding nose, eyes wide. Had that just happened? Had his father really just lay hands on him?
Will told him to.
Will had asked for that.
He wasn't going to stand there and take it. Franklin needed a taste of his own medicine.

Will's hand made a fist, landing right on his father's mouth, blood readily filling his mouth. He punched again, almost falling over when his father lunged at him for a second time in the face, a bruise forming right away. Will couldn't even register the pain, all he could feel was hot anger in the pit of his stomach.

He kicked and punched his father until Franklin was begging him to stop, crying out in pain on the living room floor, completely at his son's mercy.

"G-Get out!" The older man yelled, spitting blood onto the wooden floor.

"Gladly." Will ran to his bedroom. He had planned for this to happen, it wasn't a shocking turn of events. Will grabbed the bag that he had packed, his phone and the small wad of money he had collected over the years from various chores and jobs. The teen had no idea where he was going, but he couldn't stay there. The rain drenched Will as he walked, washing away the blood on his face when he looked up. Washing away Lillian.

For the next two years, Will spent some time in a foster home. It was nice when he was there; they would help him the best they could, even if they didn't understand it much. Will worked three, sometimes four jobs, saving every dollar that he could. He would use it to help him with his physical transition, even though he would need a lot more than a few thousand to get where he needed to be, where he wanted to be. Will spent even longer trying to talk without his accent. He hated it. He thought it made him sound dumb and ridiculous. It made him sound like his father. No one in Wolftrap sounded like him.

By the time he was twenty-three, Will was on a steady course of hormones and due to have top surgery. Will was thankful he was relatively flat-chested, able to get away with using trans-tape to bind with, never needing anything more. However, he wanted top surgery. Will wanted the extra weight gone and the scars.

The doctor had advised him to stay with a friend or have a friend stay with him, but he didn't have anyone he classed as friends. Plus, who would stay in his little house in Wolftrap with him? He had gotten the property so cheap because it was in the middle of nowhere and...quite frankly, shit. The heating never worked and, the door was always letting in cold breezes of air. Not to mention the animals that would sometimes trespass on, or in, his property. It was a house, but it didn't feel like a home.

After his surgery and a night in the hospital, Will arrived home. The hospital had ordered and paid for his taxi, ensuring that he got home all in one piece. Thankfully, he had managed to find an insurance company that would cover a little over half of the funds he needed, only having to pull a couple thousand out of his own pocket.
Will fell down onto his bed, repositioning his pillows so he could sit upright like the surgeon had advised, making a nest of sorts around him to make it a little more comfortable. He popped a couple of pain meds, washing them down with the bottle of water next to his bed - a mistake. Will's nose crinkled at the stale taste, reasoning that the water must be over a month old, tasting like hot plastic. He had to clean up sooner or later.

Will almost cried when the drips and bandages came off, admiring his new body with teary eyes. He was bruised and sore, body aching almost every time he moved but, It was worth it. Even the t-Rex arms that came with top surgery were worth it. He couldn't believe how far he had come since he was sixteen. If only his mother could see her son.
Her handsome grown-up son.
Will wore his scars and stubble with pride, partly wishing he could grow a beard. His facial hair never grew much past stubble, covering his strong jaw and neck nicely. He was quite a handsome man, in his personal opinion.

Saturdays were still the young man's fishing days. He was practically itching to get down to the stream and fish, having to wait until he was 100% healed before he could do so. He didn't continue this ritual for Franklin but for the boy he had met in his youth. Hannibal. His memories of the young Lithuanian boy had served him well over the past years, reminding him of how happy he was. Hannibal was his only real friend. It crushed him when Will wasn't able to return the following summer after his friend had left. His father had dragged them from the small southern town to god-knows-where, escaping their financial issues as well as the memories of his mother.

Will made himself a peanut butter sandwich before taking his gear down to the stream. He collected some worms, humming to himself as he stepped into the water. Will could imagine Hannibal now, almost in his thirties, handsome and tall. Hannibal was probably a doctor or a scientist; the boy was smart even at thirteen. Will wondered if Hannibal thought of him, well, of the girl he had known. It hurt his heart to know that Lilian still existed in someone's mind, that's if Hannibal even thought of him. The Lithuanian probably had a wife, a home and beautiful children - too busy to concern himself with someone like Will.

How would he even begin to explain himself? Would he start with why he never returned to the tree or why he was so different from when they last saw one another? Would Hannibal understand? Would he scream and punch as Franklin had done? Will had no idea. There was

no point in dwelling on those questions. He knew the chances of him and Hannibal reuniting were slim to none.

Fishing had not been so fruitful that Saturday, likely because it was November; the fish had gone into hiding for the winter. He would have to drive into town if he wanted anything decent for his dinner, which he wasn't looking forward too. With the leftover money from his surgery, Will managed to permanently fix; both the heating and the door. Now, his little home was much warmer, but it was probably a good idea to invest in more blankets.

Will took the trip into town, stopping at a small grocery store he liked, then Target to get some blankets. He bought himself a new checkered comforter and some fluffy blankets, heading to the checkout happily. The trip into town was worth it. Now, he would be warm and cosy, hopefully enough to distract himself from how lonely he was in that house.

Arriving just after dark, Will put on his new comforter and lay his fluffy blankets by the edge of his bed, moving to grab a glass of whisky. Will jumped, the shrill sound of his phone ringing cutting through the peaceful silence of his home. Who could this even be? He grabbed it, groaning loudly when he saw the caller I.D.

Agent Jack Crawford.

"Will Graham, how can I help?" He answered, biting back the annoyed tone in his voice. All he wanted to do was relax and maybe plan his lesson for next week.

"Hello, Will!" Jack replied cheerfully. Too cheerfully. What did he want? "I was wondering if you would like to consult on a case with me, we could use a mind like yours on this one. The Minnesota Shrike. What do you say?"

"Can't you ask anyone else?"

"Why would I ask anyone else when I have you. Your mind is brilliant. You'd get paid double for your work with me."

That did sound interesting. Being a professor at the embassy was good enough pay, but the promise of double was tempting. "Fine. Only this once, though, don't get used to having me around."

"Thank you, Will. Please come to my office tomorrow for nine. I'd like to catch you up on the exclusive details of the case."

The young man sighed, throwing his phone back onto the kitchen counter before undressing, climbing into bed with his glass. Will didn't rub cream or oils on his scars. He liked them how they were, red and smooth against his pale skin. He finished off his small helping of whiskey before setting under his new set of sheets, pulling the softer ones up around his neck.

Now that he was older, Will didn't suffer the nightmare that plagued him his whole childhood and most of his teenage years. Will had learnt that it was him, stood at the edge of the darkroom, watching on as his younger self drowned. He didn't fully understand it, even as an

adult, but he felt like it meant something important. Perhaps it was to do with his transition, but Will felt a little silly for thinking that.

"They aren't what he's after. They're just...A warm-up to what he's actually after," Will explained, hands planted firmly in the pockets of his brown slacks, dark flannel shirt tucked messily into them.

"So what you're saying is he's killing these girls for the hell of it?" Jack's brow furrowed, arms crossing over his broad chest.
The older man towered over Will, making him feel quite small. The professor was only 5'4, but then again, Price wasn't much taller than him. No one at the embassy or on Jack's team knew he was trans. It wasn't obvious and, Will preferred to hide it. They all saw him as a cis man, a short one, but he didn't want that to change. Will wasn't ashamed of his transition or identity. It just made it easier for him to keep it to himself.

"No, he isn't doing this for fun. He's doing this, so he doesn't have to kill the one he is after, she's the golden ticket. A daughter, perhaps, doesn't want her to leave him. She will be the same age as these girls, exactly the same as these girls."

"Hm," he chuckled a little, "do you often reference movies when doing things like this?"

"Who doesn't like a bit of humour?" Will replied dryly, smiling lopsidedly at the older man.

"Come, let's go to my office. You look like you could do with a coffee."

Jack made three cups of coffee, were expecting someone? Will hoped it was Beverly. He liked the woman the most out of Jack's team. He accepted the black cup from Jack, sipping on the hot liquid, relaxing into the chair. He had only been in the older man's presence for a little over an hour, already feeling drained.

Suddenly, a tall, handsome man entered the room. He wore a three-piece suit, all matching and immaculate, his shoes shiny and new. Will swallowed, a little intimidated. He didn't look at the man, giving his full attention to the cup in his lap.

Both of the older men chatted quietly, almost ignoring Will as they did so. Will placed down his cup, fixing his glasses before he turned to look at the man sat next to him.

His heart stopped, running up his throat, ready to jump out and hit the floor. Will blinked dumbly, eyes wide with shock and confusion. The auburn set of eyes that were looking back at him were painfully familiar. His smile, hair, teeth, voice; Will recognised it all. He couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe he was staring into the eyes of Hannibal Lecter, someone that Will thought he would never see again. There was not a single hint of recognition on the older man's face, only a friendly smile.

"Is everything okay? You haven't blinked in almost two minutes." Hannibal observed, sipping his black coffee elegantly. Everything he did was elegant and poised. Hannibal's voice, dark and accented, made Will shudder almost audibly.

"Yes, everything is okay. Do I..." he swallowed, "Do I know you from somewhere?"

"Hm, I don't think so. Were you at the opening of the museum a couple of months ago?" Hannibal tilted his head. If he knew this man, he definitely would've remembered. Will was incredibly handsome, messy and uncaring in a beautiful way. His curls and rosy cheeks, those soft-looking lips. No. Hannibal would've definitely remembered seeing a man that handsome.

Will's heart shattered into a million pieces like a cup dropped straight to the floor. Of course, Hannibal couldn't remember him, not when he looked so different. Yet, he still found himself upset. He had wanted so desperately for the older man to remember him, hoping he could fall straight back into his arms and they could continue being friends. Maybe even more, now. It wasn't to tell that Hannibal liked men, he had an aura about him that said as much.
"Oh, alright. Please excuse me." The brunette stood to his feet, almost running out of the room to use the bathroom.

He slid to the floor of the cubicle, running his hands through his hair. He wanted to cry, to sob into his knees. Hannibal didn't know who he was, and now he had to work with the man and pretend he didn't know either. Will didn't cry, crying in the FBI headquarters bathroom would be far too embarrassing, even for him.

The younger man froze when he saw dark brown suit shoes stop outside his cubicle. They weren't Jack's, far too nice for the man.

"Mr Graham? Jack sent me to make sure you are okay. Are you okay? I find the coffee he makes often upsets my stomach too." He chuckled, accented voice flooding Will's sensitive ears.

He could help but chuckle at that. Hannibal was still just as funny, almost twenty years later.
"Yeah, I just got a little dizzy. The lights are a bit much."

"Ah, I see. Perhaps you might like to sit in my car? I have tinted windows inside and out in the back, perfect for nausea." Among other things.

"Oh..." Will slowly opened the stall door, looking up at the man. Hannibal was easily over six foot now, much taller than Will had last seen him. "Please,"

"Come with me," he turned, the light catching on his neck for just a second. Will had sworn he had seen the flash of a silver necklace, just as dainty as the one he had given to Hannibal before he left. That made his heart swell, tears spilling down his pink cheeks. "Mr Graham?! Perhaps I had better take you to my home and get you some food or some medicine. You look rather unwell."

He only smiled softly in return, allowing himself to be lead back to Hannibal's car.
"Thanks, Hannibal." He mumbled.

The older man raised his brow. Ho did Will know his name? Hannibal had an impeccable memory. He would've known if he had seen Will, remembered it.

But, nothing.

Chapter 3.

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes the unwell man back to his home in Baltimore, very happily feeding hm in attempts to make him feel better.

Will doesn’t feel better. All he wants is for the older man to know who he is. To see who he is.

Chapter Notes

Minor NSFW warning(foreplay) later on in the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Take a seat and, I'll make you some tea," Hannibal smiled, leading the younger man into his kitchen.

Will smiled to himself; Hannibal's home in Baltimore was just as fancy as his home back in the south. As they walked through the halls, Will recognised a few of his decorations from all those years ago. It was weird, dipping back into the pool of his childhood so suddenly and, Hannibal was none the wiser. How did he not know? How could Hannibal not tell? Was he choosing not to remember?

He took a seat at the kitchens island, watching the older man move. Hannibal had certainly grown into his lanky frame, now towering over Will's short body. Unlike with Jack, he liked that Hannibal was much taller than him. It made him feel safe. The older man disappeared for a moment, returning without his suit jacket and tie, top buttons undone with his sleeves rolled up. Will swallowed, eyes drifting to the man's neck. Dainty silver framed Hannibal's tanned neck, the paw charm just about visible, almost hidden under the shirt.

Again, Will found it hard to breathe, the walls around him coming in on him rapidly. Hannibal remembered her, but not him. His bottom lip began to worry, carefully accepting the cup from the older man. "Thank you," he mumbled, allowing his Louisianan accent to drift into his words. Perhaps Hannibal needed his memory jogged.

"You're from somewhere deeper south?" The older man asked, sipping on his own cup of ginger tea. Perfect for upset stomachs.

"Yes, I'm from Louisiana originally, but my father and I moved around a lot as a kid." Will smiled meekly, cringing a little at the mention Franklin. It had been a very long time since he even thought about his father, let alone talked about him.

"Ah," he nodded, smiling fondly. Hannibal enjoyed thinking about his time in the south, living with his aunt in her home. He had enjoyed it, even if he was a little lonely. "Are you feeling any better?"

"Yes, thank you." That was a lie. He felt worse than before if that was even possible. "That's a pretty necklace, do you have dogs?" Will asked, nodding softly towards the now fully visible paw-print. It seemed Hannibal needed more than the sound of his accent to remember. He could feel tears welling in the corner of his eyes, threatening to spill down his cheeks a second time.

Hannibal raised a brow, deft fingers tracing over the cool silver, his fond smile softening. "No, I don't have any dogs, Mr Graham." He sighed softly, setting down his cup. "It's actually from a friend, from a girl that I knew a very long time ago. It was a parting gift before I left to France for my schooling."

"You went to school in France?" Will already knew the answer, but he wanted to learn more about the man during their time apart.

"That I did," Hannibal chuckled softly, getting up from his post. He had planned to make his younger guest some food in hopes to settle his stomach further. Perhaps something smaller, not too extravagant. Will didn't seem to be the type of man to enjoy overly extravagant foods or large meals. He selected a few types of meat and some eggs, deciding to make him a protein scramble. It wasn't a time appropriate meal, but it would be something small to fill his guest up. "I went to university in Belgium afterwards. I was an emergency surgeon for a few years. However, I decided that psychiatry is more for me. I enjoy understanding the mind, picking them apart."

"Is that how you know Jack? Are you assisting in the Shrike case also?" Will tilted his head, mouth practically watering at the scent of Hannibal's cooking. The man seemed to be incredibly talented, which didn't surprise Will at all.

"It is, sometimes he will ask me to make up psychological profiles for the people he is after," Hannibal seemed to have the same distaste for Jack that his guest had. It's not that he didn't like Jack, the man was just too boring and brash for his taste. "But, I see that he has asked for your insight on the case. What do you have to offer that is different from me?"

Was Hannibal jealous? His tone certainly sounded so much. "My mind works a little differently from most. Jack likes to...use my mind to his advantage. Usually, I would say no, but he offered to pay me quite a lot...I need the money." Will chuckled a little, a warm blush covering his cheeks. "...For house repairs. My heater is always breaking." It was, again, a lie. Will had fixed his heater previously. The money would likely go towards hormones or perhaps a new wardrobe - he felt painfully underdressed in Hannibal's presence.

"Well, I have never been one to turn down a good paycheck myself. I can recommend to you someone that might be able to help, though I must warn you, he is quite rude." Hannibal

chuckled to himself. He must really do something about that. After a few moments, Hannibal gracefully placed a plate of food in front of his guest, smiling softly. "If you can't eat it all, I won't be offended." He watched happily as the short, handsome man started to eat.

"Thank you, Haaaannibal." Will smiled up from his plate, looking at the older man through his long lashes, curls falling into his face.

Hannibal stopped, fork to his mouth for a moment before continuing. The way his guest had pronounced his name sent shivers through his body, reminding him of the girl he once knew. Hannibal had promised himself to keep her memory alive in his mind, often picturing how she might look now, almost twenty-four, whilst Hannibal was nearing in his thirties. He had gone back to the tree every summer and waited. She never came back. He would always clean up the carvings on their initials on the tree, using a pocket knife, tracing the work with his fingers. Hannibal had to stop returning when he reached eighteen, unable to return since he had moved to Belgium. What was the point? His best friend would never return, but at least he still had her necklace. "You're welcome," he mumbled distractedly.

After their meal, Hannibal led Will into the living room, moving to put some music on. He aimed to discuss the Shrike case a little more, curious to see what Will thought. He was interrupted by his guest before he could get a word out.

"I wanted to come back, you know," Will mumbled, stood in front of the fireplace, his body stiff and full of fear. His admissions could go one way or another.

"Pardon, Will?" He asked, moving to stand in front of his guest, looking down at him. There were a few steps between them, a space Hannibal could've easily closed.

"To the tree, Hannibal. I wanted to go back, but we moved." He swallowed, tears spilling down his pink cheeks as he watched Hannibal's face change. He remembered. It all came flooding back to the older man in harsh waves. "And..so much happened with my father. I was worried you wouldn't want to know me after I...I couldn't go back there, not after all that happened. Hannibal, I'm so sorry."

Hannibal blinked slowly, looking the man before him up and down, brows furrowed slightly. Then, it clicked. Will was the person he had been keeping alive in his mind, but this version of the memory wasn't who he expected to reunite with. "Oh, Will," he swallowed.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this to happen. I should go." He moved to leave, heading towards the door. Will froze when a strong hand gripped his shoulders, pulling him back.

"I didn't tell you to leave," Hannibal said firmly, bringing Will to stand in front of him again, smiling softly. Hannibal wasn't angry or disgusted like Will had feared. He looked happy, relieved almost. "Please, stay. I...I came back, every year, waiting for you...I always wanted to see you there, no matter what."

"Hannibal," he felt a small sob escape him, unable to hold back any more. Will practically fell against the taller man's chest, wrapping his arms tightly around his middle, face buried in

the soft fabric of his dress shirt. Will relaxed when he felt arms wrap around him, one hand travelling up to stroke his messy curls.

"Will," he dipped his head, burying his nose in the man's hair. Hannibal, very suddenly, felt complete. A large chunk of his heart had been missing for near enough twenty years, and now, here it was. His childhood friend had returned to him most unexpectedly, and they seemed happier than ever. Hannibal couldn't have asked for anything better. He had his other half now, and he didn't plan on allowing him to drift apart again.
"My, you have grown." He chuckled softly, pulling Will back slightly, hand cupping his stubble-covered jaw.

The professor blushed a little, pressing into the palm of Hannibal's hand with a small sigh. "I have," he chuckled, nodding slightly, "please don't tell anyone at work, they don't know." He mumbled, suddenly worried that the man in front of him would out him.

"I wouldn't dream of doing that. Your secrets are always safe with me, remember?"

"I remember, and yours have always been safe with me," Will tapped the side of his nose, remembering the few dark and miserable secrets Hannibal had told him in his youth. He never told anyone about Hannibal's sister. The admission hadn't even phased Will, not even when he was a child. It did make him curious though if Hannibal maintained that diet, bringing it into adulthood. Will was about to finish his sentence, cut off by the sudden feeling of lips pressed against his own.

He gasped softly, smaller hands gripping onto Hannibal's shirt as he kissed back, eyes slipping closed. Hannibal's soft lips pressed to his own was the most shocking thing. Will had no idea his old friend was that way inclined, but he wasn't going to complain, not when it felt this good. The older man's hands moved down Will's back, resting lightly above his ass. Will felt hot. His whole upper body flushed red as he pulled the man in for a deeper kiss, chuckling through it when he felt Hannibal scoop him up, carrying him to a new location.

"You don't have to," Hannibal's gruff voice filled his bedroom, finally breaking the kiss. He had plenty of opportunities to move him and Will to his bed but, deciding standing was a better option. He didn't want to make Will uncomfortable and, now the southern man was moving to undo the buttons on his flannel shirt.

Will smiled, pressing a quick kiss to Hannibal's lips, "I want to." He was firm in his words, allowing his shirt to fall to the ground. Hannibal's eyes settled on the scars instantly, admiring how they looked against Will's skin. The younger man was gorgeous, his pale skin well-muscled, but still soft looking, hair running from his navel downward. Cautiously, Hannibal reached a hand out, dragging his thumb over the slightly raised flesh slowly. Will let out a little gasp, pushing into the touch to let the man know that it was welcomed. The men he had been with previously hadn't cared much for them. In fact, Will kept his clothes on most of the time, only needing to pull his jeans down a little to accommodate his hook-up. The younger man didn't often go past hook-ups, which were very rare, to begin with, never interesting him enough to pursue much more.

"You're gorgeous, Will," he mumbled, pressing his lips to the raised skin, kissing lazily over it.

The young man shuddered, reaching out to undo Hannibal's shirt. "Thank you...t-that feels nice."

"I am glad." He stood up properly, allowing his shirt to join Will's on the floor. Hannibal was gorgeous, resembling a Greek god in the soft glow of his bedroom. The man was all muscles, chest and stomach coated in dark hair, small scars littering his chest and back.

"What happened?" The shorter one whispered, touching them just as tentatively as Hannibal had done. They didn't take away from his handsomeness, only adding to it.

"I have been in some fights," he chuckled, hands resting on Will's hips, pulling him as close as possible. "I have some...unorthodox hobbies. Occasionally, they result in wounds." Hannibal explained softly, inching both him and Will toward the bed. He wasn't envisioning them having sex then and there, far happier to explore every inch of Will's glorious body.

Will wrapped his legs tightly around Hannibal's middle as he fell against the mattress, head falling into the collection of soft pillows. He looked up through his long lashes, blinking slowly. He wanted Hannibal, to feel every inch of the man and take in every part of his body. Will already felt comfortable, as if they had spent the past twenty years together, learning the ins and outs of one another. Their lips locked again, passion and want fueling the kiss, hands roaming over bare chests. The younger man could feel himself becoming aroused, underwear becoming damp and uncomfortable. The moans he was letting spill into the kisses gave his arousal away, causing Hannibal to smile smugly.

"May I?" Hannibal asked, lips ghosting over Will's jaw and neck as he moved his hand down, cupping the younger man's crotch.

Will laughed, shaking his head at how polite the other man sounded. "You may...I'd like that."

The older man sat up on his knees, lightly kissing over Will's stomach as he did so. With nimble and quick fingers, he undid the man's trousers. He threw them to the floor with his underwear, hands running up the supple skin of the younger man's thighs, squeezing gently. Hannibal looked up, making sure that Will was still enjoying and comfortable with what was happening. Will hadn't expected this but, he wasn't going to complain. He didn't ever want this to stop.

Hannibal took his time rubbing and kissing at the younger man's thighs before pushing them open, settling comfortably between them. A loud moan filled the room as Hannibal sucked softly on his cock, fingers teasing at his wet entrance. Will gasped, lacing his fingers through Hannibal's hair, giving it an encouraging tug. He already felt amazing; his heart rabbiting in his chest as the older man touched him.

Slowly, Hannibal eased in two digits, moving them hastily as he ran his tongue over Will's hard cock repeatedly. The actions were teasing, painfully slow, reducing the young man to a whimpering mess. He bucked his hips, pushing down on the fingers inside of him, gasping happily. "M-More...please..." Will managed to whine out, wrapping a leg around Hannibal's

head in attempts to push it closer to him, looking down at the man with big eyes. He was hard to resist like this, Hannibal couldn't say no.

The older man moved his fingers faster, chuckling as slick ran down his fingers and wet his hand. He pulled his mouth from the man's cock, biting and kissing at his thighs as he eased in a third finger. Hannibal was encouraged by the sweet noises leaving Will's mouth, filling the large room effortlessly, writhing under the man's expert touch. Hannibal hooked his fingers upward, moving them faster than previously, stroking Will's cock between two of his free fingers. Watching the way the younger man took the pleasure made Hannibal's cock throb, tenting in his pants. He wanted nothing more than to take Will and make him feel even better than he already did, but that could wait for another time.

"Does that feel good, Will?" Hannibal asked smoothly, gazing up at the beautiful man cunningly.

He whined, pulling on the older man's hair needily, rolling his hips back onto Hannibal's fingers each time they moved inside of him. "Y-Yes! I'm...I'm really close!..." Will cried, accent as thick as it used to be, propping himself up on his elbows so he could look at the older man. Hannibal looked fucking perfect, his cheeks red, chin wet from slick. The older man's previously neat hair was now a mess from Will's hands. He would pay to see Hannibal like this again. The man made him feel so good. The young man's heart was racing, hearing it pulse in his ears like it was going to burst. A very familiar tightness had found its way into his stomach, flooding the young man with heat.

The psychiatrist purred, preening slightly at Will's sweet-sounding words. He definitely wanted this again. Hannibal wanted to hear those noises for the rest of his life. He would make sure he heard those sounds for the rest of his life, beautiful sounding. "Come for me, dear. It's okay." The man encouraged, moving his fingers as fast as he could; returning him mouth to Will's cock, sucking roughly.

As much as he tried to draw it out and savour the moment of being so sinfully on edge, he couldn't. Will gripped at the sheets and Hannibal's hair, crying out loudly. His toes curled, thighs clamping around the man's head as he finally came, shuddering desperately. The young man's vision had gone blurry with tears of pleasure, crying out in both pleasure and pain as Hannibal worked him through his orgasm. "H-Hannibal! I..I can't...too sensitive."

Hannibal pulled his fingers out at that, pushing them against Will's mouth instead, smiling when he happily sucked them clean. "Now, come here." He smiled, pulling Will's lax body into his arms, cradling his naked body against his own.

"Would you not...like anything?"

"No, no. I am more than happy to please you for this evening. Perhaps, I could make you dinner this Friday...then we will see where that goes." Hannibal smiled, leaning down to kiss the handsome man in his arms.

"Will you be feeding me, people?" He asked, remembering the secret Hannibal had told him all those years ago.

Hannibal beamed, "Clever boy."

It took months for the ice in the stream to fully thaw, finally melting all the way when Spring rolled around. Will had been waiting for an age to take his doting boyfriend fishing, just like old times.

"Come on!" He laughed, fixing his waterproof overalls, placing his tackle box on the grass. "All the fish will have left by the time you get here, Hannibal!"

"These overalls are uncomfortable," he grumbled, wrapping his arms around Will, kissing his cheek. "Can't we just...buy fish?" Hannibal chuckled, bushing a few curls from the man's sweet face.

"Now, Hannibal, I will make you collect worms if you complain like that again. Is that clear, worm boy?" The young man teased, pressing against Hannibal's warm body, unable to stop himself from laughing at the sound of their rubber overalls rubbing together. The nickname had embedded itself in both men's vocabulary, one they called each other often.

Hannibal laughed with him, shaking his head. Maybe fishing in freezing cold water wouldn't be that bad, so long they got to cuddle in bed afterwards. "You're very lucky that I love you, Mylimasis." The man hummed, pulling away so they could wade into the water.

The two fished for a few hours, mostly Will. Hannibal was just happy to watch his love have fun. After a while, they headed back up to the younger man's home, fishes in hand. Will put them in the fridge, forcing Hannibal to promise that he would cook them later. The older man never passed up on the chance to cook for Will, always happy to see his reactions. After changing into a more comfortable set of clothing, they climbed into Will's warm bed, warming up under the sheets with a glass of whiskey each. Will lay between Hannibal's legs, resting his head on the man's upper chest.

"I love you, worm boy," Will whispered.

"I love you too, my worm boy," Hannibal returned, kissing his curls.

Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone enjoyed reading, let me know what you think! <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!